

OCTOBER

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NO. 71


A Fawcett Publication

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# REAL WESTERN HERO

A Fawcett Publication

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**HOPALONG CASSIDY**  
STARRING  
**WILLIAM BOYD**  
IN  
**GOPHER HOLE**



**MONTY HALE**  
IN  
**THE HANGMAN'S SCROLL**

**TOM MIX**  
IN  
**BULLETS CAN'T SPELL**

"ALSO"  
A HOST OF  
SHORT FEATURES  
"AND"  
A BANG-UP  
WESTERN  
SHORT STORY!

**GABBY HAYES**  
IN  
**THE KAYO COOKIES**



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# HOPALONG CASSIDY

STARRING WILLIAM BOYD

GOPHER  
HOLE

THAT IT IS, BOYS, THE  
TWIN RIVER STAGE!  
LET'S GIT MOVING—  
AND SHOOT TUN KILL!

WE'RE  
WITH YUH,  
GOPHER!

MANY ARE THE FABLED OUT-  
LAWS OF THE WESTERN PLAINS!  
BILLY THE KID AND SAM BASS,  
JESSE JAMES AND JACK MCCALL  
— THEIR NAMES STRUCK TERROR  
INTO THE HEARTS OF DECENT FOLK  
EVERYWHERE, BUT OF ALL OF  
THEM, NONE WAS SO CUNNING  
AND ELUSIVE AS THE RUTHLESS  
DESERT BANDIT.....  
**GOPHER GRAHAM!!!**

STOP THE  
STAGE! THIS  
IS A HOLDUP!

IT'S...

-- GOPHER GRAHAM'S  
GANG! I'LL --

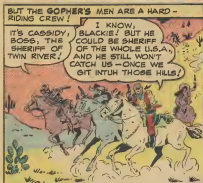
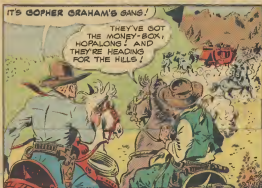
EAT LEAD,  
MISTER....  
AND LIKE  
IT!

BANG!  
BANG!

ON THE  
TRAIL, A  
SHORT DIS-  
TANCE BEHIND--

HEAR THET,  
HOPALONG! GUN-  
SHOTS AHEAD OF  
US!

THAT SPELLS  
TROUBLE, MES-  
QUITE! SLAP  
LEATHER— AND  
LET'S FIND OUT  
WHAT'S HAPPEN-  
ING!



I RECKON WE'VE BEEN BEATEN ONCE AGAIN, MESQUITE. THAT'S THE THIRD TIME GOPHER GRAHAM'S GOTTEN AWAY WITH A STAGE HOLDUP IN THE LAST MONTH!

AND THEY'RE STARTIN' TUH BLAME US, HOPALONG. WONDER WHUT FOLKS IN TWIN RIVER WILL SAY THIS TIME?

MESQUITE'S QUESTION IS ANSWERED, AS HE AND HOPALONG RIDE INTO TOWN.

HELLO, SHERIFF! WE HEAR THAT THE GOPHER AND HIS GANG OUTFOXED YUH AS'IN!

ONE OF THE STAGE GUARDS WUZ WOUNDED. HE RODE INTO TOWN AND TOLD US ABOUT IT!



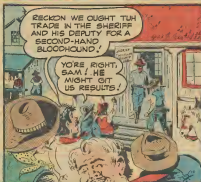
RECKON WE OUGHT TUH TRADE IN THE SHERIFF AND HIS DEPUTY FOR A SECOND-HAND BLOODHOUND!

YORE RIGHT, SAM! HE MIGHT GIT US RESULTS!

AS THE SHERIFF AND HIS DEPUTY ENTER THEIR OFFICE ...

SEMPLER! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

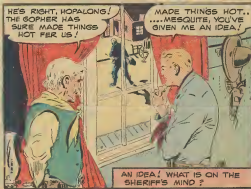
WAITING FOR YOU, CASSIDY! AS MANAGER OF THE TWIN RIVER STAGECOACH LINE, I'VE GOT TUH WARN YUH ...



...WE CAN'T AFFORD ANY MORE HOLDUPS LIKE WE'VE BIN HAVING. EITHER YUH CATCH THIS GOPHER... OR THIS TOWN IS GOING TUH WANT A NEW SHERIFF!

HE'S RIGHT, HOPALONG! THE GOPHER HAS SURE MADE THINGS HOT FER US!

MADE THINGS HOT... MESQUITE, YOU'VE GIVEN ME AN IDEA!



AN IDEA! WHAT IS ON THE SHERIFF'S MIND?

WHUT  
YUH MEAN,  
HOPALONG?

JUST THIS, MESQUITE,  
GOPHER GRAHAM  
MAY EXPECT US TO LIE  
LOW FOR A WHILE, WELL,  
WE'RE NOT GOING TO!



LET'S SPREAD THE WORD AROUND  
TOWN THAT WE'RE SENDING A  
BIG SILVER SHIPMENT OUT ON  
TOMORROW'S STAGE! THEN  
WE'LL SEE WHAT  
HAPPENS!



AS NIGHT FALLS, THE WORD SPREADS IN THE GAMBLING DENS  
AND SALOONS OF THE LITTLE WESTERN TOWN!

HAVE YUH HEARD GARCIA?  
SHERIFF CASSIDY'S SENDIN'  
ANOTHER LOAD OF  
BULLION OUT ON THE  
STAGE TOMORROW!

I HEARD,  
CLAY! AND I'M  
WONDERIN'....



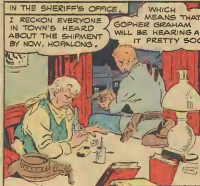
...JEST HOW LONG IT  
WILL TAKE THE GOPHER  
TUN ADD THET MONEY-  
BOX TUN HIS COL-  
LECTION. LOOKS LIKE  
HE'S AN OUTLAW NO  
SHERIFF KIN LASSO!



IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

I RECKON EVERYONE  
IN TOWN'S HEARD  
ABOUT THE SHIPMENT  
BY NOW, HOPALONG.

WHICH  
MEANS THAT  
GOPHER GRAHAM  
WILL BE HEARING ABOUT  
IT PRETTY SOON...



....AND THAT THE  
STAGE CAN BE  
EXPECTING A VISIT  
FROM THE GOPHER'S  
GANG!



NEXT MORNING...

WE'RE ALMOST UP  
TUN THE SPOT  
WHERE TH' STAGE  
WUZ HELD UP  
YESTERDAY,  
HOPALONG!

THAT'S  
RIGHT,  
MESQUITE,  
SO KEEP  
YOUR EYES  
PEELED!

SUDDENLY!

BANG!

YIPP-EE-EE!!

OUTLAWS! GIT  
MOVING, YUH FOUR-  
FOOTED CAYUSES!

BANG!

GIT UP THAR AND GRAB THET  
MONEY-BOX, BLACKIE. CASSIDY'LL  
PROBABLY BE ALONG IN A  
MINUTE - AS USUAL!

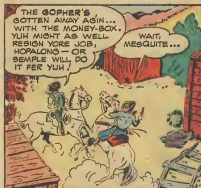
THEY'RE ESCAPIN' TO  
THE HILLS, SAME WAY  
THEY DID  
YESTERDAY! AND WE'LL  
FOLLOW THEM,  
SAME WAY WE  
DID YESTERDAY!

SPEED IT UP, BOYS!  
AS SOON AS WE'RE  
THROUGH THIS  
ARROYO....

NOT A SIGN OF THE  
GANG, HOPALONG.  
THEY'VE DISAPPEARED  
ASIN!

HAS HOPALONG'S PLAN  
FAILED? WHERE IS GOPHER  
GRAHAM'S GANG?





THE GOPHER'S  
GOTTEN AWAY AGIN...  
WITH THE MONEY-BOX.  
YUH MIGHT AS WELL  
RESIGN YORE JOB,  
HOPALONG — OR  
SEMPLER WILL DO  
IT FER YUH!

WAIT,  
MESQUITE...



„KEEP YOUR SHOOTING IRON LIMBERED,  
AND YOUR EYES PEELED ON THE HILLSIDE.  
YOU'LL SEE WHY IN A SECOND!



MOMENTS PASS, THEN—

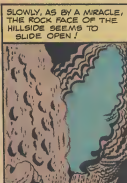
LOOK, HOPALONGS!  
SMOKE! THICK BLACK  
SMOKE — AND  
IT'S COMIN' RIGHT  
OUT OF THE  
ROCKS!



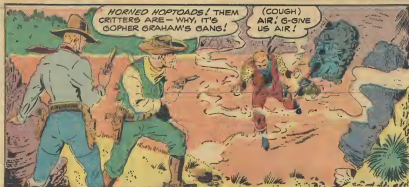
WHERE YOU'VE GOT  
SMOKE, MESQUITE,  
YOU'VE GOT SOME-  
THING ELSE, TOO!  
GET READY FOR  
A SURPRISE...

COUGH-  
COUGH!

HELP!  
I—I CAN'T  
BREATHE!



SLOWLY, AS BY A MIRACLE,  
THE ROCK FACE OF THE  
HILLSIDE SEEMS TO  
SLIDE OPEN!



HORNED HOPTOADS! THEM  
CRITTERS ARE — WHY, IT'S  
GOPHER GRAHAM'S GANG!

(COUGH)  
AIR, G-GIVE  
US AIR!

JUST AS I THOUGHT! GOPHER AND HIS GANG BUILT A SECRET HIDE-OUT HERE IN THE HILLS, USING ONE OF THE OLD MINE SHAFTS! BUT THEY BUILT A SPECIAL SLIDING ROCK ENTRANCE - SO NO ONE COULD DETECT THE HIDING PLACE!



AND LOOK, HOPALONG! THE HIDING PLACE WUZ BIG ENOUGH SO THAT THEY EVEN MANAGED TUH GIT THEIR HOSSES IN!

MIGHTY CLEVER, GOPHER!



THANKS FER NOTHIN', CASSIDY. I'D LIKE TUH KNOW WHAT STARTED THAT FIRE - THAT ROUSED US OUT, OF THERE.

BEFORE I TELL YOU THAT, GOPHER, SUPPOSE WE TAKE A LOOK AT YOUR MEN! MESQUITE, GET THEIR GUNS AND UNWASK THEM!



IT'S A PLEASURE, HOPALONG, I'VE BIN ITCHIN TUH MEET THESE GENTS FACE TUH FACE FER SOME TIME!



SUFFERN' SNAKES! TAKE A LOOK AT THIS MEMBER OF THE GANG. IT'S SEMPLE, MANAGER OF THE STAGE-COACH COMPANY!



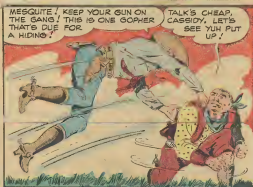
THAT TIES UP THE PUZZLE NEATLY, MESQUITE. I WAS WONDERING HOW THE GANG ALWAYS KNEW WHEN AN IMPORTANT SHIPMENT WAS COMING THROUGH. NOW I KNOW!



BAH! IF THET FIRE HADNT STARTED IN THE HIDE-OUT - YOU'D STILL BE HELPLESS, CASSIDY!

WHICH BRINGS US TUH THE SAME QUESTION, SHERIFF! HOW DID THAT FIRE START?





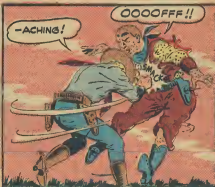
I'VE BEEN ACHING TO TANGLE WITH YOU FOR QUITE A WHILE, GOPHER! BUT FROM NOW ON, YOU'RE GOING TO DO THE —

**WHAM!**



**OOOOFF!!**

**—ACHING!**



**BAM!**

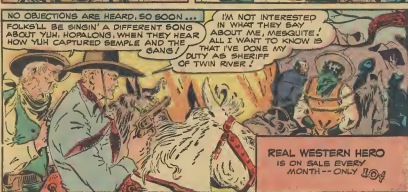
JEST LOOK AT THEE, HOPALONG. YOU'VE SET HIM UP ON HIS HOSS — WITHOUT EVEN USING THE STIRRUPS!

I RECKON WE'RE ABOUT READY TO GO BACK TO TOWN — UNLESS ANYONE ELSE HAS OBJECTIONS!



NO OBJECTIONS ARE HEARD, SO SOON ... FOLKS'LL BE SINGIN' A DIFFERENT SONG ABOUT YUH, HOPALONG, WHEN THEY HEAR HOW YUH CAPTURED SEMPLE AND THE GANG!

I'M NOT INTERESTED IN WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT ME, MESQUITE! ALL I WANT TO KNOW IS THAT I'VE DONE MY DUTY AS SHERIFF OF TWIN RIVER!



**REAL WESTERN HERO**  
IS ON SALE EVERY  
MONTH -- ONLY 10¢



# Ralph KINER

CHAMPION HOME RUN HITTER  
OF THE PITTSBURGH PIRATES

I'M TAKING  
A ROUND-TRIP  
THIS TIME

IN 1947 KINER  
TIED FOR THE NATIONAL  
LEAGUE HOME RUN TITLE.  
HIS 51 ROUND-TRIPPERS  
SET A NEW ALL-TIME  
RECORD FOR HOMERS  
IN ONE SEASON BY A  
PITTSBURGH PLAYER

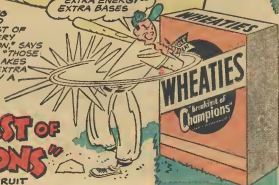
"KING" KINER BELTED EIGHT  
HOMERS IN FOUR CONSECUTIVE  
GAMES FOR A NEW ALL-TIME  
MAJOR LEAGUE RECORD. FOR  
TWO YEARS IN A ROW RALPH HIT AT  
LEAST ONE HOME RUN IN EVERY  
PARK IN THE NATIONAL LEAGUE

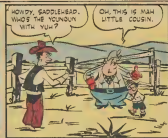
EXTRA ENERGY--  
EXTRA BASES

**Y**OU'LL FIND ME CALLING  
FOR MILK, FRUIT AND  
WHEATIES -- "BREAKFAST OF  
CHAMPIONS" -- MOST EVERY  
MORNING OF THE SEASON," SAYS  
SLUGGING RALPH KINER. "THOSE  
GOOD WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES  
HELP SUPPLY ME WITH EXTRA  
ENERGY I NEED, TO PLAY A  
TOP GAME OF BALL"

WHEATIES  
**BREAKFAST OF  
CHAMPIONS**

WITH MILK AND FRUIT





# YOUNG FALCON <sup>in</sup> "CLAWING DEATH"

**Y**OUNG FALCON, SON OF AN INDIAN CHIEF WHOSE FATHER AND TRIBE WERE MASSACRED BY RENEGADE INDIANS THEY HAD BEFRIENDED, HAS VOWED TO AVENGE HIS PEOPLE'S DEATH AND TO REGAIN THE TRIBAL TOTEM THAT IS NOW RIGHTFULLY HIS. HE HAS TRAILED THE EVIL ONES AND NOW----

THERE ARE MY PEOPLE'S MURDERERS LED BY THE MOST EVIL ONE OF ALL--- BLACKMOON! THEIR CAMP MUST BE NEAR!



I MUST GET TO THEIR ENCAMPMENT BEFORE THEY AND REGAIN THE TRIBAL TOTEM! EVERY SECOND COUNTS.



YOUNG FALCON RACES A-HEAD AND REACHES THE ENCAMPMENT TO FIND---

THEY HAVE LEFT A SENTRY BEFORE THAT TEPEE. THE TRIBAL TOTEM MUST BE INSIDE.



MAY MY AIM BE STRONG AND TRUE!



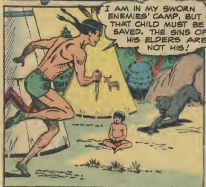
AND YOUNG FALCON'S AIM IS GOOD---



BUT JUST AS YOUNG FALCON IS ABOUT TO ENTER INTO THE TEPEE...



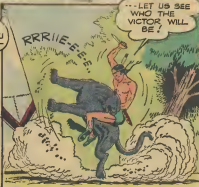
A MOUNTAIN LION! HE'S AFTER THAT BABY IN HIS PATH!



THE FIERCE ANIMAL TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO THE AUDACIOUS INTRUDER!



THE MOUNTAIN LION GIVES HIS ANSWER!





THE SAVAGE BATTLE GOES ON AS YOUNG FALCON DESPERATELY CLINGS TO THE BIG CAT----



--UNTIL YOUNG FALCON'S KNIFE THRUSTS BRING IT TO AN END----

THERE---HE WILL RAID NO MORE! AND NOW TO GET THE TRIBAL TOTEM AND LEAVE. THE WARRIORS MUST SOON ARRIVE!



ARROWS! THE WARRIORS---THEY HAVE RETURNED!



IT IS YOUNG FALCON, THE OLD CHIEF'S SON! GET HIM! HE MUST DIE!



BUT WITH SWIFT GWERVES THE YOUTH ELUDES THE SHAFTS----



AND SOON, IN THE SAFETY OF THE FOREST---



NEXT MONTH  
.....  
THRILLING  
ADVENTURES  
AS  
YOUNG  
FALCON  
FOLLOWS  
HIS  
DESTINY!

# MONTE HALE

## in "THE HANGMAN'S SCROLL"

"I'LL GIT...BUT I'M COMING BACK!  
AND I'LL GIT EVERY LAST ONE OF  
YUH FER WHAT YUH DID TUH MY  
DAD.\* THAT WAS THE VDW BILLY  
WILKS MADE AS HE RODE OFF,  
WITH THE GUNS OF THE LAW AT  
HIS BACK! AND HE DID COME  
BACK, AS BILLY THE HANGMAN,  
TO SPREAD THE SCOURGE OF  
DEATH THROUGH THE WESTERN  
TOWN!



**T**HE SHERIFF'S VOICE CRACKLED LIKE A WHIP....

"I'M GIVING YUH ONE LAST  
CHANCE, JESS WILKS! COME  
OUT OF THERE WITH YORE  
HANDS UP, OR WE'LL  
START SHOOTING!"



GO TUH BLAZES!  
NOBODY'S PUTTING ME  
OFF MY LAND! I AIN'T  
LEAVING WHILE THERE'S  
BREATH IN MY BODY!





HE'S GOING  
TUH SHOOT IT OUT!  
BLAST HIM!



UHHHH!  
I'M  
HIT!

DAD!

THE LOG CABIN RINGS WITH  
THE SOUND OF THE GUN  
BATTLE, AND THE ROOM FILLS  
WITH ACID POWDER SMOKE.  
THEN...



IT'S NO USE FIGHTING  
ANY MORE, BILLY!  
THEY'RE SOUND TUH  
WIN! I DON'T WANT  
TUH SEE YUH  
GET HURT!

DON'T  
WORRY  
'BOUT  
ME, DAD!  
I FEEL  
JEST LIKE  
YUH DO ABOUT  
GETTING PUSHED  
OFF OUR LAND!



DO AS I TELL YUH!  
HANG OUT A WHITE  
FLAG! TELL THE  
SHERIFF THAT  
WE'LL SURRENDER  
PEACEABLE!

ALL RIGHT,  
DAD!



SOON, FOUR MEN RIDE UP TO THE SCENE. KNOWN  
THROUGHOUT THE VALLEY AS THE *BIG FOUR*,  
THESE WEALTHY RANCHERS CONTROL ALMOST  
EVERY ACRE OF LAND!

YO'RE MOVING JESS  
WILKS OUT, EH, SHERIFF?  
GOOD!

YES, MISTER DRAGO!  
HE ASKED FER PER-  
MISSION TUH TAKE A  
FEW PERSONAL  
BELONGINGS WITH  
HIM! HE PUT UP  
QUITE A FIGHT,  
THOUGH!



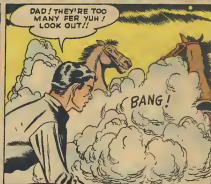
ALMOST SEEMS A  
SHAME TUH DRIVE  
A MAN FROM HIS  
HOME, DRAGO!  
MAYBE WE SHOULD  
THINK IT OVER!

THIS LAND IS MINE!  
WE ALL AGREED  
TUH PROTECT  
EACH OTHER'S  
PROPERTY!

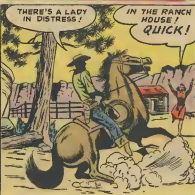
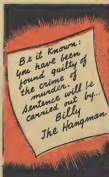


YUH AIN'T AIMING TUH  
BACK OUT ON OUR  
AGREEMENT?

NOTHIN' LIKE  
THAT, DRAGO!  
DO AS YUH LIKE!  
WE'LL BACK  
YUH UP!

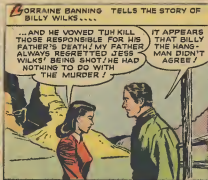


SO BILLY WILKS LEFT THE LAND WHERE HIS FATHER WAS BORN...AND DIED. THE CABIN THAT ONCE WAS HIS HOME STARED VACANTLY UPON FIELDS WHERE DRAGO'S CATTLE GRAZED, IN THE VALLEY RULED BY THE BIG FOUR. AND EVEN THE NAME OF BILLY WILKS WAS ALMOST FORGOTTEN!











BANNING WAS A FOOL--AND I ALWAYS KNEW IT! NEVER SHOULD'VE STAYED HOME ANYHOW WHEN IT'S ROUNDUP TIME! IF HE'D BEEN OUT RIDING THE RANGE WITH HIS BOYS, NOTHING WOULD'VE HAPPENED TUH HIM!



I'D LIKE TUH SEE THIS HYAR BILLY THE HANGMAN GET CLOSE ENOUGH TUH KILL ME! MUH BOYS WOULD PEPPER HIM WITH LEAD AFORE HE GOT STARTED!

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, HASTING!



BUT I'LL STICK AROUND, JUST THE SAME! THIS FELLOW'S A CLEVER, DETERMINED KILLER! AND HE MAY BE SMARTER THAN GEORGE HASTING THINKS HE IS!



THAT NIGHT, AS A DROWSY COWBOY KEEPS WATCH OVER THE HASTING'S CATTLE HERD....



NOW I'LL REPORT TUH GEORGE HASTING MUHSELF MASQUERADING AS HIS HIRED HAND!



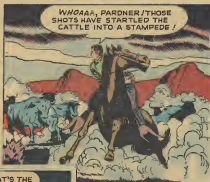
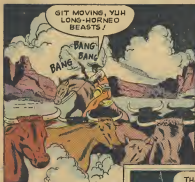
SOON...

WHAT'S THAT YUH SAY? YUH KILLED BILLY THE HANGMAN!

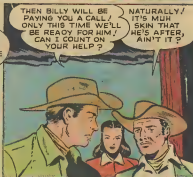
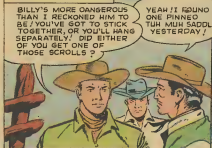
HE'S LYING DEADER'N AN OLD BONE OUT ON THE PRAIRIE! TRIED TUH JUMP ME, HE DID!







LATER, MONTE HALE MEETS WITH THE TWO SURVIVING MEMBERS OF THE BIG FOUR AT DRAGO'S RANCH!



**A**S MONTE AND LORRAINE PREPARE TO LEAVE DRAGO'S RANCH.....

THAT HORSE LOOKS MIGHTY FAMILIAR!

MISS LORRAINE, WHAT DO YOU AIM TO DO WITH YOUR FATHER'S RANCH?

THAT'S WHY I CAME TO SEE DRAGO, MONTE! ACCORDING TO AN AGREEMENT MADE BETWEEN THE BIG FOUR...



...MY FATHER'S LAND MUST BE SOLD TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER AMONG THE OTHER SURVIVORS! DRAGO'S ALREADY CONTRACTED TO BUY IT AT A DIRT CHEAP PRICE!

HMMM! THAT SORT OF PUTS THINGS IN A NEW LIGHT!



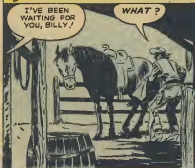
IT ADDS UP, BUT NOT TO THE TOTAL I EXPECTED! NOW I KNOW WHY THAT HORSE LOOKED FAMILIAR! IT BELONGS TO BILLY THE HANGMAN... AND HE'S WORKING FOR DRAGO!



**T**HAT NIGHT, IN DRAGO'S CORRAL.....

I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU, BILLY!

WHAT?



A REAL FAST DRAW! AND THAT'S MIGHTY ACCURATE SHOOTING FROM THE HIP!

BANG!



TOO ACCURATE FOR A GREENHORN! YOU'RE NOT BILLY WILKS!

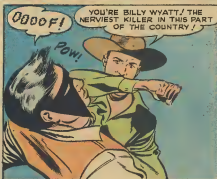
UHHHH! YUH SHOT MUH GUN AWAY, YOU COWPOKE!

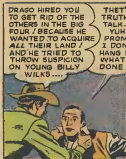


OOOOF!

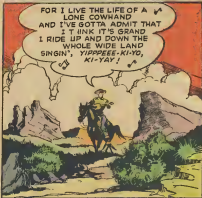
YOU'RE BILLY WYATT! THE NERVIEST KILLER IN THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY!

POW!





THAT'S THE TRUTH! I'LL TALK...IF YUH'LL PROMISE I DON'T HANG FER WHAT I DONE!

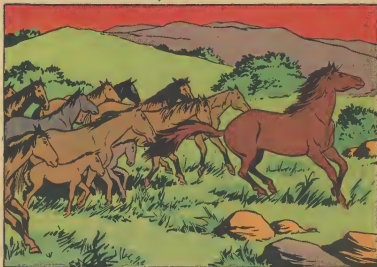


REAL WESTERN HERO

# COUGAR CHALLENGE

*A "Red Roan" Western Yarn*

By DICK KRAUS



**OVER THE** sun-parched prairie galloped the herd of wild horses! Most of them were mares and colts of the shaggy Indian breed, but a few showed the finer lines of ranch-bred stock. Leading the herd, his mane and tail whipping in the breeze, galloped a magnificent roan stallion. This was the horse that, from earliest colthood, had come to be known as the boldest and fastest bronc of the Western plains . . . and had been given the name—Red Roan!

**J**OHAN BENTLEY SLOWLY lowered the field glasses and handed them to Roy Jimson, his foreman. The husky, gray-haired boss wrangler focussed the binoculars on the distant herd. His heavy brows drew together and he nodded with certainty.

"That's the bunch, all right," Jimson said. "There's no mistaking the boss of the herd . . . Red Roan."

"And did you see our mares?" John Bentley asked.

"I did, all right," the foreman replied. "Three of our best cattle-working mounts, and they've run off with this wild horse herd."

Young Jimmy Bentley rose excitedly in his saddle.

"Give me the glasses, Roy," he exclaimed. "Let me see them!" With the binoculars, he searched the distant haze, until he found the herd of swift-moving prairie wanderers! "There they are! And look at Red Roan. Gosh, isn't he a beauty." Slowly, the boy put the glasses down and turned to his father. "But, if our cow ponies have been running away and joining his herd . . . what are we going to do, dad?"

Ranch-owner John Bentley spoke grimly. "We're going to put a stop to it, Jim." He turned to Roy Jimson. "We'll either catch Red Roan—which I doubt—because no man on horseback has ever come close to him—or . . ."

He hesitated, and the boy broke in, "Or . . . what?"

"Or we'll have to shoot him," the foreman finished the sentence. "It seems like a cruel thing to do, but we don't have much choice. If this keeps up, we'll be losin' too many of our cow ponies!"

The two older men kneeled their rangy mounts forward, and the boy followed them. In his heart, young Jimmy Bentley



prayed that they would not come within gunshot of Red Roan. He did not want to be disloyal to his father and Roy, yet he could not bear the thought of the great, proud stallion being slain!

IT WAS TWO DAYS later that they followed the herd toward the purple silhouette of low-lying mountains. In that time, Red Roan had cannily led his herd in a wide arc, grazing and resting by night, and moving steadily away by day. In that time, they had never come closer than half a mile to the wild horses.

John Bentley's keen eyes squinted, as he watched the far-off scarlet stallion.

"See what he's doing, Roy," he said. "He's turnin' them up toward the hills. I guess he figures that once they're up there, they'll be safe from us."

The foreman nodded.

"He's right, John! We've got to cut them off before they can reach the mountains." Carefully, he studied the terrain before him. "Let's see . . . about the only spot he can take that whole herd through, up to the hills, is that arroyo yonder. That cuts up toward a gradual slope; he's bound to head for it."

"Then—"

"—let's cut him off!" Tersely, the experienced wrangler gave directions. "Yon, Jimmy, keep after the herd. Make 'em realize they're still being followed. Your pa and I will go for the arroyo at top speed. If we can bottle them in there—all well and good. If not, at least we'll be within rifle range of Red Roan! Let's go, now!"

Swiftly, the riders deployed.

It was a long hard ride for the two older men, cutting across the rugged foothill terrain. Gradually, the prairie rose, and clumps of stunted mesquite and jagged spike cactus broke its flat surface. The sun was a glowing ball in the heavens when they finally reached the gully that cut, knifelike, up toward the first range of mountains.

"Good figurin', Roy," the rancher said. "They're bound to come through here!"

Easily, he slipped his carbine loose. Then he pointed up at the end of the arroyo. "Suppose you head up there. I'll wait here, as near out of sight as I can get."

As he straddled his patient mount and

fondled the smooth stock of the rifle, John Bentley's eyes scanned the distant prairie. There, perhaps two miles away, was the cloud of dust that could only mean one thing. Gradually, it came closer and closer, until the ranchman could make out the galloping forms of the wild horses, led by the graceful, fleeting form of Red Roan. And then, behind them, Bentley saw his son, racing along, crying shrilly to urge the horses on.

"Good boy," Bentley grinned to himself. "Keep them movin', lad!"

Now the first horses had stampeded through the narrow opening of the arroyo. Whinnying wildly, their unshod hooves pounding against the shale, the entire herd followed swiftly. But, then the unexpected happened!

AS YOUNG JIMMY Bentley's mount followed the wild horse herd through the narrow entrance of the gully, a tawny brown form leaped suddenly into his horse's path. It was a mountain lion, or cougar—one of the most feared animals of the west.

Seeing the huge cat in its way, Jimmy's pony reared back in terror.

Clutching at his saddle horn, the boy was thrown from the bucking mount. He twisted hard in the air and thudded against the rocky ground. There he lay still. Now the giant cougar poised in a crouch, yellow eyes gleaming fiercely, long tail lashing back and forth.

"I've got to . . . stop him!" The rancher raised the carbine to his shoulder, sighted along it. "But he's springin' on the boy. He's too close. I—I can't shoot!"

Desperate, he pounded his chestnut bronc into a gallop. But even now, the great cougar was in midair, flashing claws spread wide, leaping toward his prostrate son! What could save Jimmy?

The answer lay in a garceful red form that suddenly sprang through the arroyo entrance, powerful hooves lashing out in fury. Snarling savagely, the mountain lion checked his spring in midair and whirled to meet this new antagonist. Red Roan—for it was he—reared back in the air, hooves high. Then he came down, aiming lethal blows toward the sinewy form of the cat.

But the cougar was too fast.

Lightening-like, it writhed away from the horse's blows and sprang in a furious slashing assault that left bleeding ridges across Red Roan's satin-smooth side. The stallion whinnied in pain and anger and drove its hooves again at the cougar. Again the powerful creature of prey slipped past



the attack and ripped painful gashes in the roan horse's flank!

"He's beatin' him," John Bentley gasped, as he urged his mount toward the battle. "Red Roan hasn't a chance."

But, in the next moment, the great horse's noble eyes blazed with fire. Lunging forward in a determined assault, he lashed out with his fore-hooves, suddenly catching the big cat with a mighty blow that flung it high in the air. Again, he pounded away at it, coming down relentlessly, with a tattoo of mighty, pile-driving, bone-breaking smashes. In another moment, the cougar lay, a battered, bleeding corpse, scant yards away from the unconscious Jimmy Bentley.

Then the king of the herd wheeled, proud head high, and whinnied imperiously. In a moment, his herd was thundering toward him, obeying his command. Neck arched high, long legs pacing evenly, Red Roan led them out of the gully and out onto the prairie again.

John Bentley's finger tensed against his carbine trigger.

"They're less than fifty yards from me . . . I couldn't miss him at this range!"

Then he lowered the rifle, and watched the horses gallop in an ever-growing dust cloud, toward the freedom that was their life. After a moment, he dismounted, and

knelt over his son. Jimmy was just starting to come to; he had been bruised by the fall, but it was no worse!

"My . . . head," the boy groaned. Suddenly his eyes widened. "Dad! A cougar—it scared my horse. He bucked me off!"

"I know," John Bentley nodded. "I was too far away to help. The cat was goin' at you. Then Red Roan went for him—and killed him!"

The boy stammered, "But, he was in the gully!"

"He sensed a trap," the rancher replied. "He had turned to lead the herd out . . . and there was the mountain lion. It was a danger to his young colts, he realized, so he fought it!"

**JIMMY RAISED HIMSELF** on a still-weak elbow. "I—I see. But . . . you let him get away, then. You could have captured him, or—or killed him. You were close enough for that!"

**JOHN BENTLEY** smiled, and he put his arm around his son. "I might have, boy," he said. "But I heard him whinny, and then I realized somethin'. If I'd shot him . . . after he'd saved your life . . . I'd never have been able to look you in the face again. Mares are cheap. You can buy them—but I've only got one son!"



THE MAN WITH THE PURPLE HAND

DASHIELL HAMMETT'S  
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ILL BE BACK, TONY—SOON AS THE FIRES' OUT!

THESE FIRES ARE DRIVING ME NUTS, SAM! THIS IS THE FIFTH ONE THIS WEEK!

SOUNDS LIKE A FIRE—BUD CHIEF! LET ME DO SOME SNOOPING.

AS SAM FLOWS THROUGH THE CROWD HE TRIPS AND FALLS AGAINST ONE OF THE ON-LOOKERS AND...

HEY... WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING!

PARDON ME, BUDDY, BUT... SAY! LET ME SEE YOUR HANDS!

NO YOU DON'T!

HEY, CHIEF! LOOK AT THIS GUY'S HANDS!

PURPLE STAIN! WE PUT THAT STUFF IN ALARM BOXES TO CATCH GUYS JUST LIKE HIM!

IF HE STARTED THE FIRE—WHY SHOULD HE TURN IN THE ALARM, CHIEF?

TO MAKE IT MORE EXCITING, EFFIE!

GEE, I GET EXCITED JUST LOOKING AT YOU, SAM!

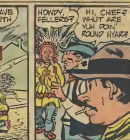
THAT'S BECAUSE I USE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL, SWEETHEART!

SAM SPADE says: CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE FINGERNAIL TEST?

Scratch your head! If you find signs of dryness and loose dandruff you need Wildroot Cream-Oil. It grows hair, relieves dryness, and removes loose dandruff.

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WILDROOT CREAM  
MADE WITH LAMBERT  
GROWS THE HAIR  
RELIEVES ITCHNESS  
REMOVES SCALP DANDRUFF  
WILDROOT CO., INC.



# GABBY HAYES

AND THE

## KAYO COOKIES

**T**HOUGH GABBY IS FOREMAN OF ELLIE HEMPSTEAD'S BAR NOTHING RANCH, IT'S ELLIE'S AUNT HESTER WHO RUNS THE KITCHEN...

UMMMM! OATMEAL COOKIES! IF THE OLD BATTLE-AXE COULD SMILE AS SWEET AS SHE COOKS, SHE'D PLUMB MELT MY HEART!

GABBY!  
**GABBY HAYES!**



GABBY!  
WHERE  
ARE  
YOU?

AUNT HESTER! SHE'LL RAISE  
"A RUCKUS IF SHE CATCHES  
ME SWIPIN' COOKIES-- BUT  
I'LL TAKE A CHANCE!

WHAT'S ALL THE  
TWITTERIN' FOR,  
HESTER? YOU  
SOUND LIKE A  
CROW WITH COLIC!

SHERIFF DAGGLE SENT  
US BAD NEWS, GABBY!  
BUT YOU MUSTN'T  
GET EXCITED!



SLIM DAGGLE SAYS THAT GRIZZLY GUS, THAT NO-GOOD BEAR HUNTER, BROKE INTO THE SADDLE SHOP AND STOLE YOUR BEAUTIFUL NEW SADDLE! THE ONE YOU WERE HAVING BUILT, SPECIAL!

WHAT?!

DING BUST IT! I'M JUST AFTER PAYING TWO HUNDRED SIMOLEONS FOR THAT SADDLE! I'LL --- I'LL ---

PLEASE! NEVER LOSE YOUR DIGNITY!

FRED! THE BAR-O IS IN YOUR HANDS. TRY TO KEEP IT FROM GOING TO POT WHILE I'M GONE!

OKAY, GABBY.

GABBY'S "CORKER" IS THE ONLY HORSE IN THE WORLD WHO KNEELS WHILE HIS MASTER MOUNTS HIM!

C'MON, CORKER! I BOUGHT THE FANCIEST SADDLE IN THE COUNTRY FOR US, AND I AIM TO KEEP IT!

GABBY, BE CAREFUL! THAT GRIZZLY GUS IS A BRUTE!

DON'T WORRY, ELLIE! I'M A PRETTY TOUGH OLD HOMBRE MYSELF!

GOOD OLD GABBY! HE THINKS HE'S SO FIERCE!

SAY, AUNT HESTER, DID YOU FIX UP THAT KNOCKOUT DOPE FOR THE SICK STEER?

YES. THE ORNERY BEAST WON'T TAKE MEDICINE --- BUT WE'LL FOOL HIM. I CONCEALED THE DOPE IN MY LAST BATCH OF OATMEAL COOKIES!



GABBY RIDES INTO THE MOUNTAINS WITH HIS BEAR SKIN---

BEAR HUNTIN'S BEEN POOR LATELY. GRIZZLY GUS WILL GO FOR THE FIRST BEAR HE SEES!



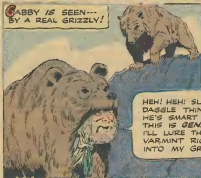
KEEP OUTTA SIGHT, CORKER I'M GONNA MAKE BELIEVE I'M A BEAR!



I'M IN PLAIN VIEW HERE. GUS OUGHTA SEE ME.



GABBY IS SEEN--- BY A REAL GRIZZLY!



HEH! HEH! SLIM DASSLE THINKS HE'S SMART BUT THIS IS GENIUS! I'LL LURE THE VARMINT RIGHT INTO MY GRASP!

GRRRR!!

G-GULP!

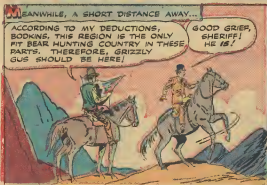
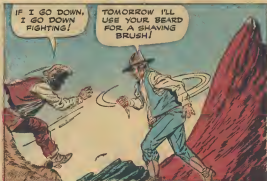


BALLS OF FIRE! MY SIX-SHOOTER MUSTA JOUNCED OUTTA THE HOLSTER! I BETTER SKIDOO---BUT PRONTO!

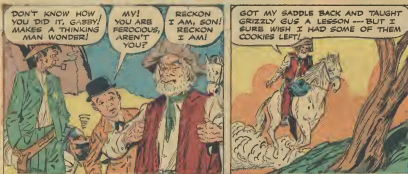


NOPE! CAN'T RUN NEITHER! LOOK WHO'S COMIN'!









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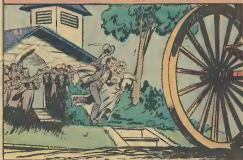
**DASH**

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# TOM MIX



WHEN HIRAM GROVER CAME WEST, HE WAS A YOUNG MAN OF SMALL EDUCATION, BUT GREAT AMBITION. THIS WAS THE HAPPIEST DAY OF HIS LIFE!



DEBORAH'S A WONDERFUL GIRL! I KNOW SHE'LL MAKE HIRAM A GOOD WIFE!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW SHE PICKED HIM! DEBORAH COULD HAVE MARRIED THE RICHEST MAN IN TOWN!



BILL HAYMES, THE BANKER'S SON, PROPOSED TO HER! HE WUZ TERRIBLY HURT WHEN SHE TURNED HIM DOWN FER HIRAM GROVER!

HE'LL OT OVER IT! YOUNG MEN ALWAYS DO!



HIRAM GROVER STUDIED AND WORKED HARD FOR THE SUCCESS HE WANTED...AND DEBORAH WAS ALWAYS BESIDE HIM!

YOUR SPELLING IS MUCH BETTER, HIRAM! BUT YOU FORGOT TO DOT THE 'I'!

DOGGONE! I NEVER KIN SEEM TUH RE-MEMBER THET!



THEN ONE NIGHT, AT THE HEIGHT OF A BLIZZARD...

FASTER....  
BLAST YUH!  
FASTER!



THE BANK'S CLOSED! BUT HAYMES MUST BE IN! THAR'S A LIGHT AT THE WINDOW OF HIS UP-STAIRS ROOMS!



WHAT BRINGS YUH OUT ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS, HIRAM?

DEBORAH'S SICK! IT'S SERIOUS, BILL! I NEED MONEY TUH BRING IN A DOCTOR FROM HARDEEN COUNTY! HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO KIN SAVE HER!



SO YUH NEED MONEY? WHAT KIN YUH OFFER FER COLLATERAL?

I'LL MORTGAGE MUH FARM! ANYTHING I'VE GOT! BILL, I'VE GOT TO HAVE THET MONEY!



HIRAM GROVER GOT HIS MONEY, BUT IT WAS TOO LATE TO SAVE DEBORAH. ON THE NIGHT SHE DIED, THE LIGHT WENT OUT OF HIS LIFE, TOO.



HIRAM CROVER DIDN'T SEEM TO CARE MUCH AFTER THAT. AS YEAR FOLLOWED YEAR HE BECAME A TYPICAL "DESERT RAT"...

IN BILL HAYMES' BANK...

I JEST NEED A GRUBSTAKE, BILL! THIS TIME I KNOW I'M GONNA STRIKE IT RICH!

YUH'VE BEEN SAYING THAT FER TWENTY YEARS, HIRAM! I WON'T LEND THE BANK'S MONEY TUH OUTFIT YUH!



I NEED A BREAK BAD! IF YUH PERSONALLY COULD LEND ME A FEW DOLLARS, I'D PAY IT BACK WHEN ....

GIT OUT OF HERE, YUH MISERABLE BEGGAR!



I WON'T LEND YUH A RED CENT! AND DON'T COME CRINGING AROUND HERE ANYMORE!

OH!!



WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, HIRAM?

NOTHING, MR. MIX! NOTHING AT ALL!



I RECKON I WUZ PRESUMIN' TOO MUCH ON AN OLD FRIENDSHIP! GUESS BILL HAYMES NEVER FORGAVE ME FER TAKING DEBORAH AWAY FROM HIM! I...UH... ..WAS JUST GOING IN HERE FOR A CUP OF COFFEE! CARE TO JOIN ME?



...SO YOU REALLY THINK YOU'VE FOUND A GOLD STRIKE THIS TIME? I SHORE DO! IF I COULD GIT A LITTLE MONEY FER GRUB, AND TUH BUY SOME DYNAMITE, I'D PROVE IT!



THAT CAN BE ARRANGED, HIRAM! THE TA BAR RANCH PAID OFF PRETTY WELL THIS YEAR! I'LL LEND YOU THE MONEY!

YUH WILL?



LATER, IN SHERIFF MIKE SHAW'S OFFICE...

I WON'T TAKE MONEY WITHOUT GIVIN' YUH MY PERSONAL NOTE! YUH'LL BE PAID BACK EVERY CENT, TOM!

IF YOU INSIST, HIRAM! BUT I TRUST YOU!



HYAR IT IS! ALL PROPER AND LEGAL!

EXCEPT FOR ONE SUSHT DETAIL! YOU NEGLECTED TO DOT THE "I" IN YOUR NAME, HIRAM! BUT WE'LL OVERLOOK THAT!



ONE WEEK LATER, IN A HITHERTO UN-EXPLORED PART OF THE DESERT COUNTRY...



I WAS RIGHT! THAR'S GOLD HYAR!



TOM MIX SHORE WILL BE SURPRISED TUH HEAR ABOUT THIS! GIDDYAP!.... GIDDYAP!



IT WAS LATE AFTERNOON WHEN HIRAM GROVER ARRIVED IN DOBIE AND HURRIED TO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

IT'S GOLD, ALL RIGHT!

YUH SAY THE WHOLE SECTION WAS FULL OF GOLD BEARIN' ORE! WHAT A STRIKE!



THE CLAIMS OFFICE DOESN'T OPEN UNTIL MORNING!  
HIRAM CAN'T REGISTER HIS CLAIM UNTIL THEN!  
LET'S MAKE SURE NO ONE FINDS OUT ABOUT THIS!



SO THAT'S WHY OLD HIRAM ACTED SO EXCITED WHEN HE RODE INTO TOWN!  
BILL HAYMES WILL PAY PLENTY FER THIS INFORMATION!

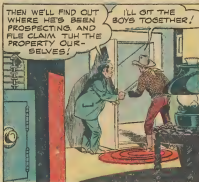


SOON...

HIRAM GROVER'S STRUCK IT RICH,  
EH? THET GOLD MINE DOESN'T BELONG TUH HIM LEGALLY UNTIL HE'S FILED A CLAIM! WE KIN STOP HIM FROM DOING THET.



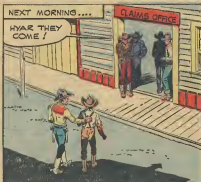
THEN WE'LL FIND OUT WHERE HE'S BEEN PROSPECTING AND FILE CLAIM TUH THE PROPERTY OURSELVES!



I'LL OIT THE BOYS TOGETHER!

NEXT MORNING....

HYAR THEY COME!



I'VE BEEN WAITIN' FOR YUH, YUH LOW DOWN DESERT RAT!



WH-WHUT DO YUH MEAN?

YUH'RE THE ONE STOLE MUH FANCY MEX SADDLE!

JUST A MINUTE!



IF YOU'VE GOT A COMPLAINT, TELL THE SHERIFF ABOUT IT!

STEER OUT OF THIS, MIX! YOU'RE BITIN' OFF MORE THAN YOU CAN CHEW!



FASTER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW, TOM MIX'S HAND STREAKS TO HIS HOLSTER. THE BLASTS OF HIS FAMED SIX-GUN MERGE IN ONE CONTINUOUS ROAR!



(UHP!) HE SHOT THE GUN PLUMB OUTTA MUH HAND!

I NEVER SAW SUCH A QUICK DRAW--AND I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

START MOVING, GENTLEMEN!



NEXT TIME YOU WANT TO KEEP SOMEBODY FROM FILING A CLAIM, DON'T PICK SUCH A FLIMSY EXCUSE!

#!!@\*??



THEY CAN'T STOP US NOW, MR. MIX! THIS HYAR PAPER GIVES THE EXACT LOCATION!

GOOD FOR YOU, HIRAM! JUST DON'T FORGET TO DOT YOUR 'T'S'!



AT HAYMES' BANK...

A FOOL LIKE HIRAM GROVER ISN'T ENTITLED TUH ALL THET GOLD! ONLY ONE WAY TO GET IT NOW! PERSUADE HIM TO SIGN OVER HIS RIGHTS TO ME!

HE'S NOT THAT CRAZY, MR. HAYMES!



NO TELLING WHAT A MAN WILL DO WITH THE...UH...RIGHT KIND OF PERSUASION! WHEN I'M PLAYING FOR BIG STAKES, I NEVER LET ANYTHING STOP ME! THAT'S HOW I GOT TUH BE THE MAN I AM TODAY!



THAT NIGHT, NOT FAR FROM  
HIRAM GROVER'S GOLD STRIKE...

WE'LL START DYNAMITIN' IN THE MORNING! I'LL BET WE UNCOVER THE BIGGEST STAKE IN THE HISTORY OF THIS STATE!

WHAT'S THAT? I HEARD SOMEONE!



YUH SHORE DID, MIX! DON'T TRY TUH DRAW-- OR I'LL PUT A SLUG INTO YUH!

HAYMES!



YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS!

WON'T I? OLD HIRAM'S GONNA SIGN OVER HIS CLAIM TUH ME! THEN THEY WON'T FIND YORE BODIES UNTIL THE VULTURES HAVE PICKED YORE BONES CLEAN!



BUT FIRST I'M GONNA USE A LITTLE PERSUASION TO GET HIRAM TUH SIGN....A LITTLE TOUCH OF THE BRANDIN' IRON OUGHTA DO IT!

NO! DON'T!



THERE ARE SOME THINGS I WONT STAND FOR....

AAAAA!



AND TORTURING AN INNOCENT MAN STANDS HIGH ON THE LIST!

UGHHH!

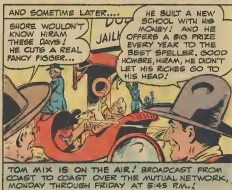


RUN FOR IT, HIRAM!

MY RIFL... OHHH! MY HAND!







# **Tootsie** KILLER BEAR WITH INVISIBLE LIGHT

By CAROL ANN and PETER GORDON

CAPTAIN TOOTSIE AND THE SECRET LEGION ARE CAMPING IN THE MOUNTAINS.

HOWDY THAR, FOLKS!

WH- WHO ARE YOU?

GOSH, LOOK AT THAT DANDY COON TAIL HE'S WEARING!

COON TAIL CHARLIE'S A'NAME, BOYS! JEST DROPPED BY TA WARN YE THAR'S A KILLER BEAR LOOSE IN THESE PARTS! BETTER BE KEERFUL!

WE'LL BE ON THE WATCH FOR HIM, COON TAIL CHARLIE! THANKS FOR THE WARNING!

SUDDENLY...

HELP! EEEK!

A CALL FOR HELP! IT'S FROM THE GUYS' CAMP ACROSS THE LAKE!

MAYBE THE KILLER BEAR'S AFTER 'EM!

WE'LL NEED LOTS OF QUICK ENERGY TO ROW ACROSS THE LAKE! HERE EVERYBODY GET A TOOTSIE ROLL! AND ROLL, FETCH MY SNIPER SCOPE FROM THE TENT!

OK, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!

BY DAD! THEM THAR TOOTSIE ROLLS SURE PUT STEAM INTO YER MUSCLES, DON'T THEY? I'M READY TA TAKE ON THAT KILLER BEAR SINGLE-HANDED!

SUREN! EEEK!

WOW! LISTEN TO THAT EXCITEMENT!

OH, WE'RE SO GLAD YOU'VE COME! THE KILLER BEAR JUST RAIDED OUR SUPPLIES WHILE WE WERE ASLEEP!

DON'T WORRY, NAYM! WE'LL GET THAT BEAR WITH OUR SNIPERSCOPE!

WE'RE SCARED! IT'S SO DARK!

THE SNIPERSCOPE WAS ONE OF THE SECRET WEAPONS USED BY THE ARMY TO SPOT THE ENEMY AT NIGHT. ITS LAMP SENDS OUT INVISIBLE INFRARED LIGHT RAYS WHICH ARE REFLECTED BY THE TARGET AND PICKED UP AND TURNED TO VISIBLE LIGHT BY THE ELECTRONIC SIGHT.

FLUORESCENT SCREEN IN REVERSE

OBJECTIVE LENS

INFRARED LAMP

POWER LIT (CONNECTED ON BACK)

HERE'S HIS TRACKS! WE'RE CLOSE BEHIND HIM!

I HEAR HIM UP AHEAD!

SNARL! GROWL!

SNAP! CRASH!

I SEE HIM! THERE HE GOES!

WHAT CAPTAIN TOOTSIE SAYS


BANG!

LATER...

BY DAD! I NEVER SEED THE LIKES OF IT—SHOOTIN' BEARS AT NIGHT!

AFTER THAT EXCITEMENT, FOLKS, ANOTHER ROUND OF TOOTSIE ROLLS OUGHT TO HIT THE SPOT! COME AND GET 'EM!

You don't need a sniper scope to spot the gosh-a-mighty goodness of chewy, chocolaty Tootsie Rolls! They give you whizzin' quick energy, too. And so do Tootsie Pops, a double treat—delicious assorted flavors with a chewy, chocolaty Tootsie Roll center. Take my tip—get both these temptin' Tootsie favorites today!



# "Old sweet songs... and swell new snapshots!"

Snaps capture the  
magic of the fireside's spell...so the crowd sings out for more.  
More? Easy!...even at night, with flash equipment...  
when you use Kodak Verichrome Film. You press the button—  
it does the rest. That's why it's America's favorite film, by far.  
Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N.Y.

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yellow box



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# Kodak

STAN

# MUSIAL

FAMOUS CARDINAL SLUGGER

*Says:*

"ACTIVE FEET LIKE DICK'S AND  
MINE DEMAND THE BEST IN SHOES. THAT'S  
WHY WE BOTH WEAR WINTHROPS  
THEY'RE '4-BAGGER' VALUES  
IN ANY MAN'S LEAGUE...  
STYLE, COMFORT, FIT,  
LONG WEAR!!"



This rugged Winthrop with Half-Track sole available for men and boys. Also similar styles with leather, crepe, and Triple-Decker rubber soles.

**WINTHROP  
JRS.**  
*Man-Styled Shoes for Boys*

SEE, DAD,  
THE ONLY  
DIFFERENCE  
IS THE  
SIZE!



DICK, SON OF HARD-HITTING STAN

*Says:*

"ONLY WINTHROP JRS. GIVE ME  
SHOES EXACTLY LIKE DAD'S  
THEY'RE 'REALLY' RUGGED--HE-MAN  
IN EVERY WAY. ALL THE  
KIDS WANT 'EM."

WINTHROP JRS. for boys  
Sizes 1 to 9

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